

## LIVE ON DESERT ISLE

Modern Crusoes Wrecked in the Pacific Ocean.

## THRILLING TALE IS RELATED

One of Rescued Crew of Ill-fated Bark Tells of Privation and Suffering—Warship Gives Up Search for Survivors, but Cousin of the Captain Rescues Them.

London, Jan. 4.—Like a page out of De-foe's immortal story, "Robinson Crusoe," reads the narrative unfolded by Donald Morrison, a resident of Dundee, and one of the survivors of the ill-fated Norwegian bark Alexandra Oubis, on arrival at Southampton yesterday in the Royal Mail steamer Orinoco, from the West Indies.

Morrison joined the bark, which was a 1,500-tonner, at Buenos Ayres in August 1902, and the vessel sailed in ballast to New South Wales. Fair weather was experienced, and the trip took fifty-eight days. Coal was loaded for Panama, and they set sail for that port on November 26. Good progress was made during the first month, and then there was a continuation of calms and light winds, and the ship was helplessly becalmed for six months. The vessel, however, ultimately got within 550 miles of Panama, with Al-bemarle Island in sight about ten miles distant, but they failed to make it owing to the strong current and light wind.

Provisions and Water Gone. Provisions and water had by this time become exhausted, and, suffering terribly from thirst and hunger, they left the ship on May 8 in two boats, with ten men in each, the captain taking command of one and the first mate the other. After eleven days they lost sight of the first mate's craft, the crew of which was afterwards rescued from one of the islands, and on May 19 they landed on indefatigable Island in search of water and food. The men camped on the shore for the night, and on the following morning started along the rocks looking for water. On the first day they found some fruit, apparently like small apples, but it proved to be poisonous and burned their throats. Their search for water on the first day was unsuccessful, but on the second day they cut down cactus trees, and found that the sticky substance within quenched their thirst.

On the third day they discovered some turtles, which were eaten with avidity, and on the following day they found water in a cave. It was a little brackish, but they made their camp there for three weeks. Several of the crew by this time were in such an exhausted state that they were hardly able to move. At the end of this time, on going back to their landing place, they found the boat smashed on the rocks, and they took the sails and wood up to the camp. Then four men started for the east part of the island to see if any assistance could be obtained. They found signs of an old camp twenty miles away, and they remained there, and fixed a flagpole, on which they hoisted a signal of distress.

Periodical visits, about once a fortnight, were made to their old camp, as it was, only during the spring tides that they could return over the rocks. On one occasion one of the four, a German, left to go to the old camp himself, but disappeared, and his comrades gave him up for lost. Some time later a skull and human bones were found on the shore, which were taken to be all that remained of the poor fellow.

Rescued at Last. In the meantime, an Ecuador warship had been sent to look for the missing bark, and discovered her wreck on one of the islands. Finding no signs of the crew, it was presumed they had been lost, and the warship returned and made its report. A cousin of the captain of the bark, however, who was living in Iquique, determined that he would make an effort to find the missing men. He raised funds and obtained a sloop, and set out in search of the crew.

On October 29 the ship was sighted by the men on the island. They saw the sail in the distance, and nearly went mad with joy. Frantic signals were made to the vessel, which took them off after over five months of suffering. They were landed in Guayaquil on November 2. Some of the crew proceeded to New York, but Morrison and two companions came on to England.

## FIND WILL IN OLD BOOK.

Now Relatives Claim It Is a Forgery—and Seek to Break It.

Paris, Jan. 4.—A remarkable will case is occupying the courts at St. Etienne. One day a local priest, according to his own statement, bought at a second-hand bookstall a book in which he discovered a will made by a wealthy old woman, who had recently died. The will left the whole of her property, \$100,000, to a young girl, a distant relative.

The priest revealed the will to the girl's family and a claim was immediately made for the property, which, on the old woman's death, had gone to her direct heirs. These heirs contested the validity of the will, asserting that it was a forgery.

They have now succeeded in proving that the book which the priest alleges he found on a second-hand bookstall was sold direct to the dealer by a person who never had any connection with the testatrix.

The question arises: How did the will come to be found in a book which had never been in the old woman's possession?



Mrs. Richard's Old Wooden Hut

## PARSON AN ATHLETE COUNT IS A FUGITIVE

Boxing and Wrestling Makes Him a Popular Idol.

## ESTABLISHES CLUB FOR BOYS

Father Preedy Chooses Odd Method to Save Souls—Probably Accomplishes as Much for Church as Any Clergyman in England—Manly Exercises Means of Spreading Truth.

London, Jan. 4.—A parson who puts on the gloves and boxes in a club room, is a novelty anywhere, but, especially in London. Such a parson is Father Preedy, who has charge of a mission in Islington, and who has probably done as good work for Christ as any clergyman in England.

To most men, Father Preedy is not even a name; to some who have seen topical photographs of a boxing competition in the mission hall, he may suggest the original of the "Fighting Parson." He will not, in the least, care whether he does or does not. For the reverend father has not the least regard for appearances.

If he had he would probably now be enjoying a comfortable living in the bosom of the Church of England, instead of being a resident in one of the meaner streets of Islington. He is on perfectly good terms with his pastors and masters in the church, who, doubtless regard him as a harmless person who has spoiled his chance of preferment by his eccentricities. All he wants is to be left alone to pursue his chosen path of winning men to higher things through their holier instincts.

Father Preedy is, in many ways, an extraordinary man. He has a perfect genius for adapting himself to his surroundings, and will discuss the highest ethical problems or the chances of Eatsy Hackett being victorious in his next fight with equal insight and enthusiasm.

Devoted to Boxing and Wrestling. Father Preedy is enthusiastically devoted to boxing and wrestling, and nearly every night puts on the gloves at the club, which he has established.

A couple of nights ago, when there were special competitions at the club, there was an amount of "talent" present that might well turn the National Sporting Club green with envy. And most of it owed allegiance to the Ashdown Athletic Club. This is only a means to an end. The members of the Ashdown Athletic Club are not all communists. It would be difficult to say how many of the three or four hundred members who are on the roll are even professing Christians. But, at any rate, when they are in the club, they are kept out of the mischief that lurks at the corner and around the corner.

During the most emotional moments in the contests, the other night, not a word was uttered which would offend fastidious taste. And there was every class represented in the audience, from the peer to the coster.

Father Preedy is simply adored in the district. As an old friend, who had brought an offering from Barnsley—the mission is entirely supported by voluntary contributions—expressed it, "Father Preedy shows how nearly a human being may approach the angels. And he would be the first man to deny that he has any angelic qualities."

This Bird Worth \$5,000.

London, Jan. 4.—At the Cage Bird Association's show, which has just opened in the Royal Horticultural Hall, there is on exhibition a king bird of paradise valued by its owner, C. T. Maxwell, at \$5,000.

German Noble Forced to Flee from Father's Ire.

## TELLS OF HIS PERSECUTIONS

Pursued as a Lunatic, He Five Times Escapes from His Captors, and Is Now in Hiding in a Bavarian Village—Wife with Him in His Humble Home.

Berlin, Jan. 4.—To a special correspondent of a newspaper who sought him out in the lonely little snow-clad village of Volkers, hidden 1,800 feet above sea level, amid the hills of northern Bavaria, Count Erasmus zu Erbach-Erbach has for the first time given the full story of the persecution which he says he has suffered at the hands of his millionaire parents for marrying the woman of his choice—Dora Fischer, the beautiful daughter of a laundress.

It will be recalled that the count, who celebrates his twenty-fourth birthday next week, escaped from a lunatic asylum at Altweller, in the Rhineland, where his father had him placed after securing an annulment of his marriage. The count fled to Bavaria, rejoined his wife, and took refuge in the house of a hospitable forester at Volkers, near Würzburg, where he told the correspondent the following tale of his romantic experience:

## The Count's Story.

"This cottage in the woods has been the retreat which has sheltered us ever since my father's anger pursued us. Five separate times has my father sought to deprive me of my liberty, and five separate times have I made my escape. Have you not in English an expression 'Love will find a way'?"

"My first flight occurred two years ago, when Fraulein Fischer and I went to London to get married. My next escape took place last June, from Heidelberg, where I had gone on leave of absence from a private sanatorium in the Taunus. From Heidelberg my wife and I fled to Switzerland to consult Prof. Speyer, the celebrated alienist. At Bern my father, for the first time, had me arrested, but I eluded my captors at the railway station at Biele while being transported to the Altweller asylum."

"It was on the occasion of this flight that a friend recommended to me this remote haven of refuge, and here my wife and I spent the summer and autumn until, on November 4, the local gendarmes, acting on my father's behalf, again arrested me and took me to the Munich specialist, Herr Kraepelin. Once more I broke away while changing trains at Würzburg and betook myself to the Reichstag deputy, Dr. Thaler, of Würzburg, who had me examined by a nerve specialist of the University of Würzburg, Prof. Weygandt. He made such a favorable diagnosis that the Bavarian government gave instructions that I should never again be taken into custody, on grounds of irresponsibility."

"To improve my situation, and above all to secure the annulment of my guardianship, I then went to consult my solicitor at Frankfurt. A careless remark by my wife resulted in the disclosure of our whereabouts to my father, who, forthwith, had me arrested a third time in the streets of Frankfurt."

"I was taken, first to a sanatorium in the Taunus, and then to the lunatic asylum at Altweller, whence I escaped last week, not through the assistance of a bribed attendant, but by the help of one who sympathized with my misfortunes. Much of my time here is spent with the Capuchin monks, whose monastery is in the heights of yonder mountain. They are extending to me every kindness, even the hospitality of their humble table. You see, I am even reduced to the necessity of eating the bread of charity for having committed the unpardonable crime of marrying without my father's consent."

"My privations have utterly failed to chasten me. I insist on the preservation



Sitting by her Fireside

of my personal liberty. I desire to remain my wife's husband. I intend to recover my civil rights, and then, before a duly authorized tribunal, formally to abandon my inheritance rights in return for a guaranteed income, in keeping with my position, of \$5,000 a year."

## OLD WOMAN STICKS TO HUT

Great-grandniece of Sir Joshua Reynolds Defies Authorities.

Builds on a Vacant Lot a Home of Wood She Gathered Together, by Own Labor.

London, Jan. 4.—An old woman named Mrs. Richards, a great-grandniece of the celebrated painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, is giving the local authorities of Gray's, Essex, a good deal of trouble.

Three years ago Mrs. Richards, who is seventy years old, but as hale and hearty as a woman twenty years younger, built a hut in a vacant lot near the town. With the material at her disposal—the hut is constructed of wood—Mrs. Richards did not succeed in erecting an imposing edifice, though it is, in a measure, comfortable and quite up to her needs, which are exceedingly few.

From the standpoint of sanitation and of the picturesque, the local authorities object to the structure. They contend that while it is, to a large extent, an eyesore in a rather delightful locality, it is also unsafe, and that, in fact, Mrs. Richards runs a big risk in living there. The authorities have, therefore, taken steps several times to evict her, but without success, owing to legal technicalities. They have even offered to provide the old woman with a more neat and comfortable home, but she strenuously objects to leave the humble hut constructed by her own hands in the face of difficulties that would have overwhelmed a person of less resolute character.

Meanwhile, the sympathy of the general public is with Mrs. Richards, and the efforts of the authorities to evict her are regarded as pure and unnecessary persecution.

## GRAFT PROBE IN FRANCE.

Scandal in Connection with Church Property Liquidation.

Paris, Jan. 4.—As a result of the charges of scandal and graft in connection with the liquidation of the property of religious orders in France which have been going the rounds of the clerical reactionary press, a parliamentary commission has been created to conduct an investigation. All political parties will be represented pro rata on the commission. M. Delpach, Radical Socialist, who, with M. Combes, has been the prime mover in insisting upon an investigation, declares that the clericals must not be allowed to make political capital against the republic out of veiled charges.

"This investigation must be made," says M. Delpach. "If unfortunately any officials have profited illegally by this liquidation, they must be exposed and punished. The republic must be true to its creed of honesty and justice."

It is officially announced to-day that M. Briand, minister of public instruction and worship, will assume the portfolio of minister of justice, made vacant by the death of M. Guyot-Dessaigne. He will relinquish the duties of minister of public instruction, but retain those of the minister of worship. M. Doumergue, minister of commerce, has been transferred to the ministry of public instruction, and Maitre Cruppi, who pleaded the case of the Countess de Castellane in her divorce suit, becomes minister of commerce.

## GERMANY SEEKS NEW LOAN.

Will Ask for \$75,000,000 as Subscription Price of 98¢.

Berlin, Jan. 4.—The Prussian ministry of the finance announces that on January 14 it will invite subscriptions to a new loan. The amount has not yet been specified, but it is assumed that it will be in the neighborhood of \$75,000,000.

The subscription price will be 98¢. Interest for the first ten years will be at the rate of 4 per cent, for the next five years 3½ per cent, and thereafter 3½ per cent. The government, for the protection of the money market will issue only allotment certificates, which will be negotiable until after December 31, 1908.

This announcement caused Prussian consols to sag on the Bourse to-day and drop ¼ points, and it created general dissatisfaction in financial circles because the present time is not regarded as opportune for the government to make demands on the market.

The Prussian ministry of finance doubtless understands this clearly, but it is impelled to seek this loan because of pressing requirements on account of additions to the existing railroad equipment, the purchase of lands in Poland for settlement, and other less urgent needs. Railroad experts estimate that \$50,000,000 might be expended for railroad equipment, but the government probably will be able to do with a quarter of this sum.

## POSTMAN'S MAIL BAG STOLEN.

District Near Lake of Killarney Scene of Unusual Outrage.

Dublin, Jan. 4.—An extraordinary outrage is reported from the district near Killarney, where a rural postman was attacked and gagged and his mail bag rifled. He was cycling through the rural district of Rathmore delivering letters in the lonely hamlets, when in the gathering darkness two men attacked him from behind, pulled him off his machine, and held him down while they cut the mail bag open.

The assailants escaped without being identified. The postman was not seriously injured, and was able to resume his journey and report the affair at Rathmore Post-office.

Nothing of any value was taken from the post bag, although there were a number of letters containing remittances to peasants from relatives in America.

The only solution of the mystery is that the outrage was actuated by the same motives as some of those which have occurred in Leitrim, where postmen have been attacked and their mail bags being sent through the post were taken.

There is a good deal of agrarian agitation in the district connected with the sale of Lord Kenmare's property to the tenants.

## DINNER TO OUR EDUCATORS.

Germany Honors Exchange Profs. Hadley and Schofield.

Berlin, Jan. 4.—The ministry of education gave a dinner on Monday in honor of Exchange Profs. Hadley and Schofield. The Schofields interrupted their holidays at St. Moritz in order to be present. The professors and their wives will be presented to the Emperor and Empress on January 21 on the occasion of the Kaiser's first diplomatic reception. A previous visit, however, must be paid by the two ladies to the Countess von Brocksdorff, the lady-in-waiting to the Empress, before they can be considered "court capable."

Mr. Tower's reception to the American colony on January 1 was the largest on record. Over 300 attended. The Ambassador, departing from his custom of previous years, received every one at the head of the stairs of his palatial home and had a friendly word for each caller on his or her arrival and departure. It is remarked that Mr. Tower has made himself more generally popular with Americans during the last six months than all the rest of the time he has been here.

## EX-CONVICT HEIR TO WEALTH

Inherits Fortune and Estates from an Aunt Who Detested Him.

Gives Clock to Prison He Had Just Left—Also Spends Home-moon Near There.

Geneva, Jan. 4.—After spending half his life in prison, or under police supervision, a convict, named Gerolamo Pasquale, at the age of forty-nine, now finds himself, through the death of an aunt, the owner of a great fortune, and the proprietor of villas at Como and at Gravedona.

Pasquale was born in Milan, and came into the hands of the police at an early age. He was frequently arrested, and got his last sentence, one of four years' imprisonment, in 1906. While he was working in the prison colony on the island of Lampedusa, in April, news came of the death of his aunt, Giuseppina Pontiggia, to whom it was found, he was direct heir. The woman died intestate, and Pasquale, though he was her pet aversion, inherited the estate after other relatives had tried in vain to prevent it.

Pasquale has been released, and will not have to finish his term, which, ordinarily would not be ended until 1910. He has married a widow with one son, and passed the first days after his marriage luxuriously in Como. Soon, however, he became homesick for Lampedusa, where he returned and passed the greater part of his honeymoon in sight of the place where he had toiled as a convict.

When he received the money, one of his first actions was to send to Lampedusa a great clock, which he claimed the hours. The prisoners, he says, found almost unbearable on occasions, the dark, unbroken silence of the night's captivity, and would have been greatly relieved if they could have known how many hours had yet to pass before daylight.

His plans for the future are modest. He intends, he says, to live on the revenue of his estates as an Italian gentleman with his wife and adopted son.

## HORRORS OF SIBERIA

Russian Exile Tells of Conditions in Amur Region.

## CRUELTY OF THE COSSACKS

Men and Women of Culture and Refinement Treated Like Dogs by Hordes of Brutal Soldiers—Food Is Bad and Hospital Service Entirely Inadequate—Causes of Suffering.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 4.—There is published in the Russa a letter dated "On the Amur High Road," which must once more direct attention to the awful sufferings of the thousands of exiles banished during the present reign of "repression," to Siberia, which, perhaps, have been to some extent forgotten while public interest has been centered on events happening nearer home.

Extracts from this letter follow. No preface is needed, save the remark that many of those doomed to suffer the almost incredible barbarity described by the writer belong to the educated and cultured classes, and therefore suffer far more than the ordinary hardened criminal.

## A Party of 120.

At the outset, the writer explains that he formed one of a party of 120 exiles, twenty-three of them being state or political offenders, detailed to work on the construction of the Kolesnaya (literally, wheel road), and sent thither under Cossack escort from the penal settlement at Irkutsk. He proceeds to describe the arrival of the party at Pashkovo, a Cossack settlement on the Amur:

"We landed from our barge on August 23, at 6 in the evening, and passed our first night in the open on the shores of the Amur. We were ordered by the escort not to talk, not to lie down to sleep, not to stir. No supper must be cooked. It rained in torrents, and we were all specially wet through. When at last morning came our fetters were knocked off, and we set off for the 'camp,' thirty-two versts distant, dragging after us the bags containing our luggage, as no carts were provided for baggage transport. The first verst was covered with ice, but, as soon as the village was out of sight, the escort got to work with the butt ends of their rifles, urging the party on with blows and curses.

"One of our comrades, C—, fell in a dead swoon. Another fainted soon afterwards. Both were lifted into a cart provided for the use of the escort. \* \* \* Eventually the tents came in sight, and we reached the camp, where most of us met old acquaintances. On these questions were answered, but the only answers we received were: 'We are beaten; it is hard.'

"As a matter of fact, our eyes told us enough. All the faces that met our gaze wore an exhausted look. All who greeted us were terribly sick by the small mosquitoes which swarm hereabouts, all wear unclean and attired merely in tattered underclothing. The feet of many were covered with wounds, and were swathed in filthy rags. In the tents the sole topic of conversation was the brutality of the Cossacks. 'You will see for yourself,' we were told. And we did see. After a few days only, we became the counterparts of the older occupants of the camp, dirty, unshod, unclothed, and exhausted. One single day's rest was then allowed us, but on the following day we were roused at 4 a. m. and driven to work.

Stripped to the Skin. "It was raining fast, and for a whole week our way lay across submerged land. Every day for a fortnight we had to cross this same flooded ground, stripped to the skin and carrying our shovels on our shoulders. This was our life of torment. Up every morning at 4, working until 5 or 6 in the evening, and returning then utterly worn out, for roll call, prayers, and sleep. Sleep! In ragged and battered tents, open to the rain and dirty and damp within.

"The spot where we are working is between two swamps, and the versts from the camp. We have thus to walk some thirty versts daily, besides performing our hard task. How hard that task is may be gathered when it is said that ten men are required each day to excavate a length of some 20 feet and a depth and width of one and one-quarter arshins (about a yard). One has to work knee-deep in mire, and after about three weeks rheumatism sets in, and the legs of the workers begin to ache. The administration pays no heed to this, or the prisoners would have to be sent home. Whether in rain, or in a temperature 120 degrees Fahrenheit, we are driven out to work. In June one of the exiles died of sunstroke. There were six cases of sunstroke in July, but no deaths. According to the regulations, no work must be done on Sundays. But what are regulations to K—, our chief, and the engineer? On Sundays we work as usual, and are compelled to sing a hymn and pray in the evening. One Sunday the prisoners resolved to do no work, but the butt ends of the rifles soon settled that.

## The Food Bad.

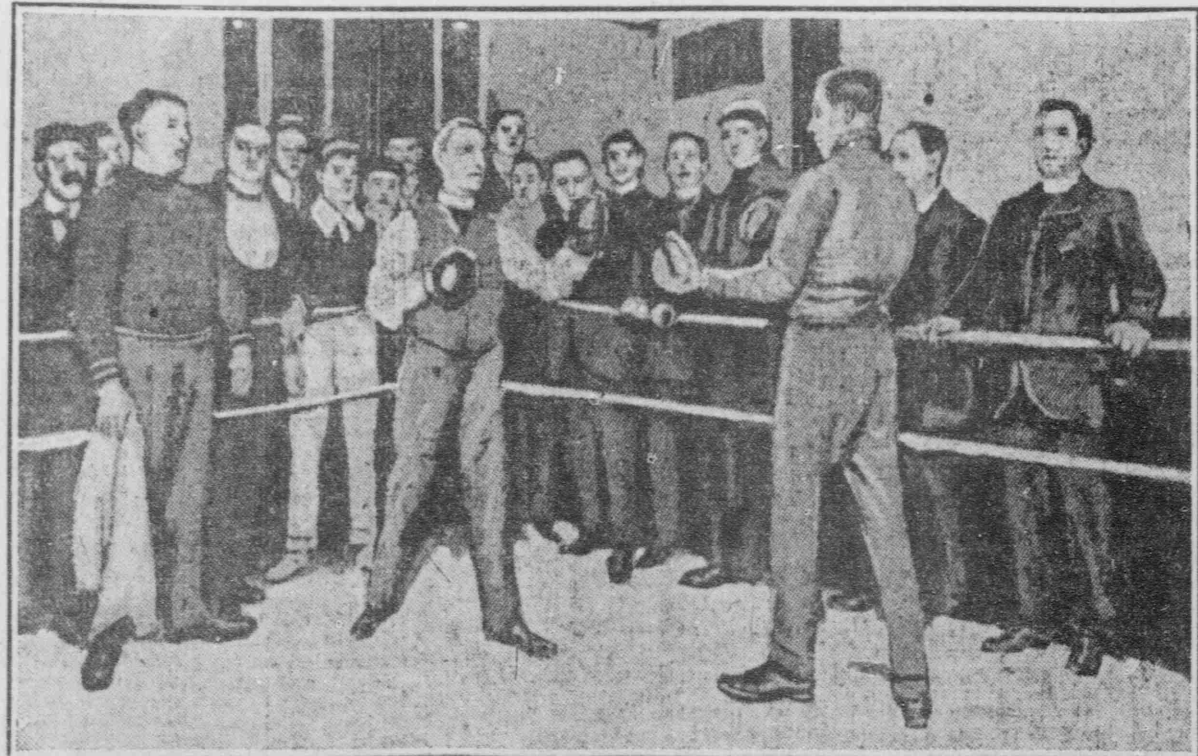
"The food is bad. Every man is supposed to receive 12 kopeks daily, but from May to August a sum equivalent to a total of 48 kopeks per man was all that was received. Money sent by friends and relations is not delivered.

"The letter goes on to describe the helpless condition of the sick. There is a small hospital for fifteen patients, and when the hospital is full, sick prisoners must remain in their tents. There is no doctor, the work being done by an assistant surgeon. Most of the cases that come under his notice are cases of wounded feet. He forbids the patients to go about unshod, but they are unable to do otherwise, there being no shoes for them.

"The work is hard and the conditions of work are harder," continues the writer, "but the hardest of all is the beating. You are beaten on the way to work, at work, and on the way home; beaten all ways and everywhere. Beaten for unwillingness to give up your bedding to the Cossacks, beaten if you put on clean clothing ('Ah! you're a cleanly one,' and a blow from a clubbed rifle, beaten for wearing spectacles or a piece of necktie ('A striker,' beaten for no reason at all. The Cossack must be addressed as 'Master,' the sentinel as 'Mr. Sentinel,' the escort as 'Mr. Escort.' No talking is allowed during roll-call time. The inspectors and the chief inspector himself are as unsparring in their blows as any of their subordinates. No difference whatever is made between state prisoners and ordinary criminals."

## Other Cases of Cruelty.

Then follow some instances of ill treatment witnessed by the writer. An ordinary prisoner, named Abdicheff, aged forty-three, had two ribs broken by a Cossack's rifle. The soldier was gently rebuked by the chief, then applauded for having "stood firm to his oath." Another criminal named Kostrovsky was so cruelly beaten that his lungs and liver are injured. A state prisoner named Gutkin, refusing to give up his pillow to the Cossack, had two ribs broken. Another state prisoner, described as B—, who complained of feeling ill, was kicked out of his tent by the inspector, who afterwards threw him to the ground and battered his face with his revolver.



A PRIEST WHO BOXES—FATHER PREEDY IN THE RING AT THE ASHDOWN CLUB.

Father Preedy, who has charge of a mission in Islington, London, established the club as an aid to his religious work, which has been most successful. He is here seen in a boxing bout in his shirt sleeves.